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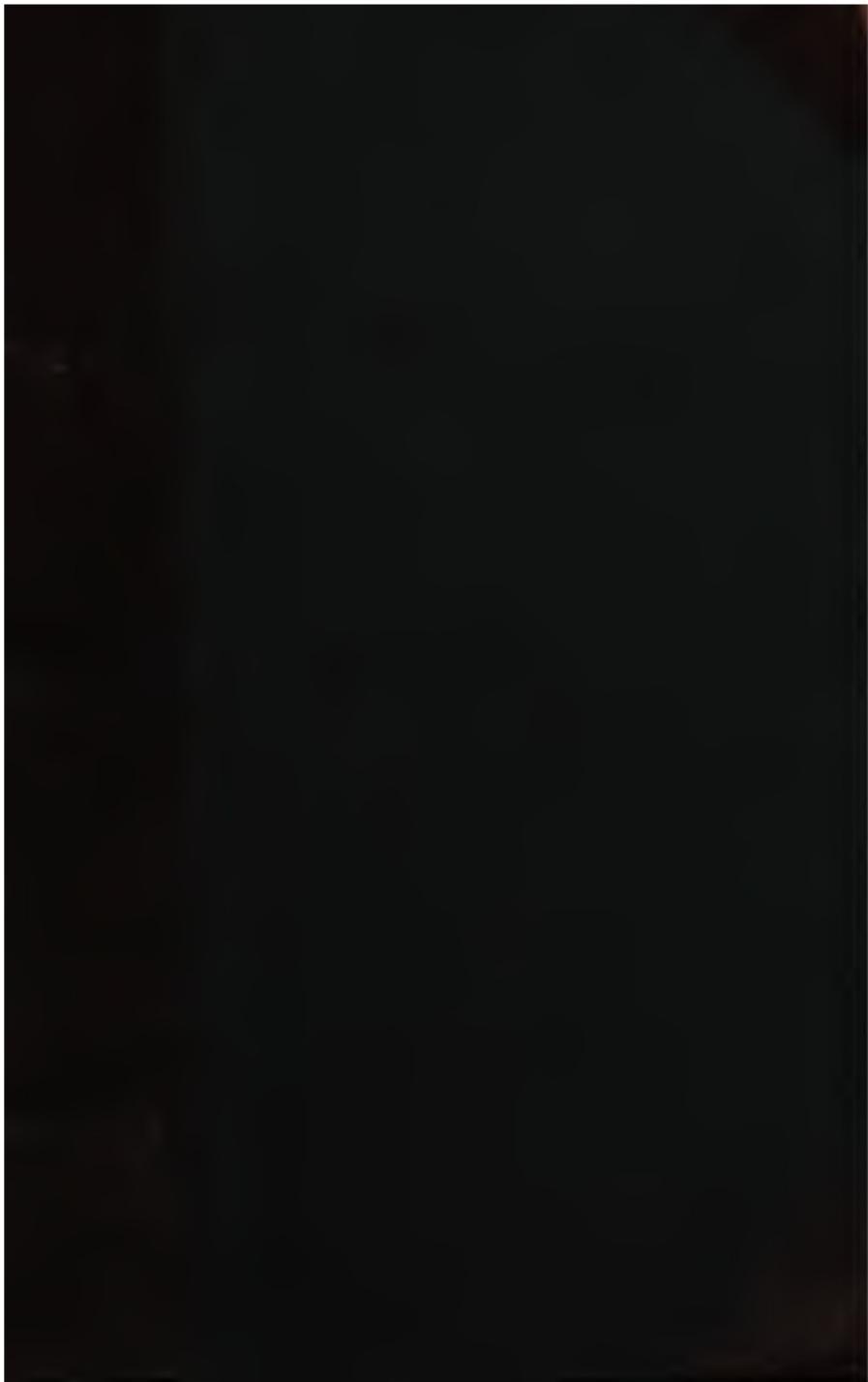
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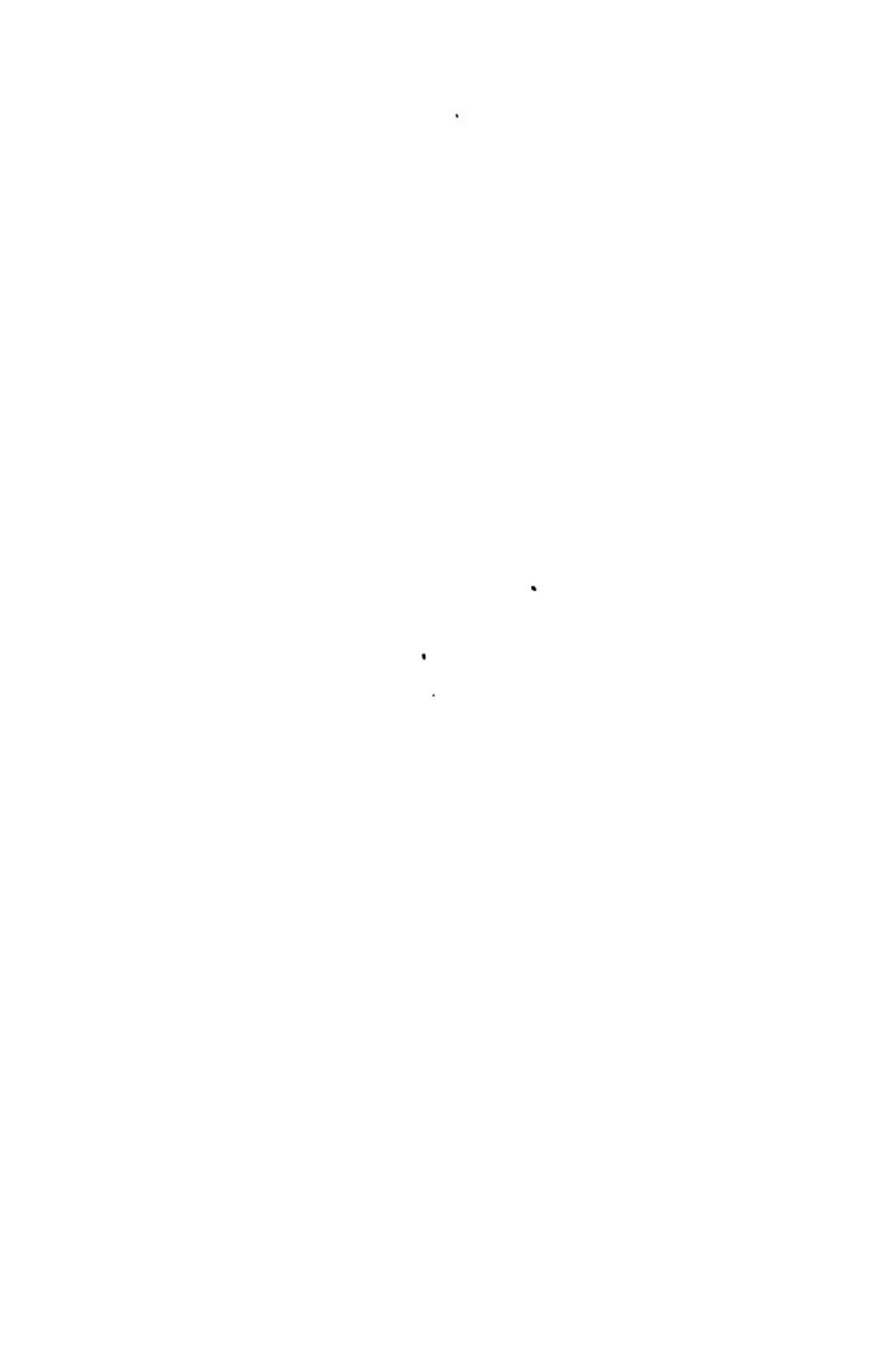
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# ÆSOP IN RHYME,

WITH

## SOME ORIGINALS.

BY JEFFERYS TAYLOR,

AUTHOR OF "HARRY'S HOLIDAY."

I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau  
If *animals* converse or no;  
'Tis clear that they were always able  
To hold discourse, at least, in fable.

COWPER'S POEMS.

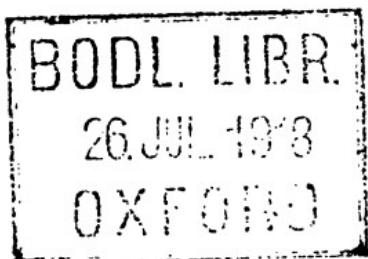
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**FOURTH EDITION.**

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# ÆSOP IN RHYME,

ETC. ETC.

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## FABLE I.

### THE OAK AND THE REED.

THE wind was high, the thunder loud ;  
The lightning flash'd from cloud to cloud ;  
When an old oak, whose aged form  
Ere now had witness'd many a storm,  
Had borne the brunt, and still withstood  
The wind, the lightning, and the flood,  
Was torn up from his roots at last,  
By one tremendous, wintry blast ;  
Then headlong to the stream descended,  
His ancient pride and glory ended.

The ample waters soon convey'd  
The oak-tree from his well-known shade.  
Then unknown, naked hills were seen,  
With rude and dreary wilds between,  
*And by the river's oozy edge*  
*Grew weakly reeds and languid sedge.*

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ÆSOP IN RHYME.

But the next time he met him, not quite so  
When the lion approach'd an obeisance he n  
    And after his health he inquired.

But the third time he met him, "Old crony,"  
Pray whither so fast? I must say, to be free  
    That you're grown somewhat cool and unkind  
'he dignified lion deign'd not a reply;  
But taking the fox to a river hard by,  
    Cool'd him, both in body and mind.

'thought the fox, whilst emerging in woe-begone  
This comes of one's making too free with the g

---

FABLE III.

THE FROGS.

SOME frogs within a bog or ditch,  
I really cannot tell you which;  
Yet I prefer to say a *bog*,  
For that you know best rhymes to *frog*:  
These frogs, as Æsop's muse doth sing,  
Requested they might have a king.  
So Jupiter, in merry mood,  
Straight threw them down a log of wood:  
But who can say how much it splash'd,  
Or who was frighten'd, who was mash'd?  
Surprised that such should be the case,  
Nor liking much this act of grace,  
They kept aloof a day or two,  
For fear of what he next might do.  
"But see, how still he lies," said they,  
Let's go and hear what he will say."

But ne or ....  
So they, concluding he was dead,  
Petition'd Jupiter again,  
Who quickly sent them down a cr

This gracious prince to all the r  
Then issued forth a proclamation ;  
In which the greatest and the leas  
Were all invited to a feast ;  
And so, on the appointed day,  
Legions of frogs stopp'd up the w

"Now," said the king, "upon t  
Is spread our feast ; and any frog  
Who to jump on may not be able  
I'll raise him gently to the table.

Enough was said, for every g  
Around the monarch's person p  
The king then made a gracious  
To help his subjects to ascend ;  
    — as Aesop wrote,

Enough was said, for every frog,  
Ere he had ceased, forsook the bog ;  
Croaking and groaning, as they went,  
For their *old* form of government.

This fable Phædrus did relate,  
Referring to affairs of state :  
But leaving *politics* alone  
Till we're a little older grown,  
'Twill be a safer way for us,  
To take the author's meaning thus,—  
That folks well off should be content,  
Nor make a change they may repent.

---

#### FABLE-IV.

##### THE SOLAR PHENOMENON.

AN astronomer gazing, as oft he had done,  
Through a very long telescope aim'd at the sun,  
Descried, on a sudden, a spot on his face,  
So large as to darken one third of his rays !  
“ Oh ! Newton, Oh ! Halley, were ye but alive,  
What name to this monster, I ask, would you give ?  
Like no other spot on his disc does it seem ;  
As *maculæ*, *faculæ*,\* neither of them.  
But what do I see ? the phenomenon moves,  
And there are its legs too, which certainly proves  
That it must be an animal :—awful indeed !  
For its length half a million of miles must exceed.

\* *Maculae* and *faculae*, are names given by astronomers to the dark 'be bright spots seen occasionally on the sun's disc.

ld Thales, Copernicus, Newton, Desc  
raw near, if ye can, and the truth I

He ceased ; but he scarcely an end  
When the shades of those worthies his s  
nd, in low hollow voice, demanded i  
or what reason he'd call'd them, and k

“ Oh, indeed ! are ye come ? ” sai  
prised,

‘ Why I did not suppose, as ye all h  
What I said could have reach'd you ;  
Forthwith I ’ll proceed the huge mor  
So saying, to each he the telescope h  
And quickly of each his opinion den

Said Newton, “ Some creature the  
But I do not believe ’tis a yard from  
“ Nor I,” said Copernicus, Thales, ai  
“ In fact we believe ’tis no wonder a

“ Then pray,” said our hero, “ expl

## FABLE V.

## THE COMPLIANT FARMER.

AN honest farmer and his son  
Were driving once an ass to town ;  
But wishing not to tire the brute,  
They would not ride, but walk'd on foot.

“ Well,” said a man, whom soon they met,  
“ I ne'er beheld such nonsense yet !  
Why should ye walk ? why don't ye ride ?  
Pray what's a donkey for beside ?”

“ Right,” said the farmer ; “ Son, arise,  
And take our worthy friend's advice.”  
The dutious son obey'd with haste,  
And soon bestrode th' unwilling beast.

Scarce had he mounted, when, behold,  
Two women next began to scold.  
“ You lazy boy !” at once they cried,  
“ Why don't you let your father ride ?”

“ True,” said the father ; “ Son, get down :  
I'll ride, and you shall walk to town.”  
The son dismounted honest Ned,  
And let his father ride instead.

Once more they sped them on their way,  
And met a party. “ Come,” said they,  
“ Your legs are longer than your son's ;  
Suppose you let *him* ride for once !”

“ Good,” said the father ; “ Son, you see  
There's room enough for you and me ;  
*Get up behind.*”—Once more the son  
Bestrode the beast, and journey'd on.

AESOP IN RHYME.

Again they sped ; again they met  
A party not contented yet :  
Said they, " Have pity on your beast,  
And one of you get down at least."

But our good farmer thought at last,  
He e'en would profit by the past ;  
Nor change again, unless, indeed,  
In one opinion all agreed.

Although opinions vary so,  
'Tis hard the right from wrong to know  
(And never would the labour cease,  
Of studying every man's caprice ;)  
Yet *some* there are in which we see  
The wise and good *do* all agree :  
Let their opinions be your own,  
And let what they advise be done.

---

— — —

" Oh ! be not afraid, I will lend you my aid ;  
 Hook on to my spout," said the kettle.  
 Said the pitcher, " O dear, it is you that I fear,  
 Since if we come nigh, of the blow I must die ;  
 For I'm earthen, but you are of metal."

\*As weak folks oft suffer by strong ones, I say  
 That the weaker had better keep out of their way.

### FABLE VII.

#### THE BEAR AND THE HERMIT.

ONCE a bear had a thorn in his foot (as they term it),  
 Which it seems was extracted from thence by a hermit :  
 So the beast felt so grateful, and pleased with the der-  
 vice,  
 That he offer'd to enter quite into his service.  
 So the hermit consented, at length, to the plan.  
 " Now then," thought the bear, " I must do what I  
 can  
 To make myself useful ; and glad I shall be  
 If a service in turn shall be render'd by me."  
 Not long after this, as the hermit was sleeping,  
 And the bear was the watch with great vigilance  
 keeping,  
 On the nose of the former alighted a fly ;  
 " O now," thought the bear, " my best skill I must try."  
 So he lifted his paw, and completed the process,  
 But crush'd with the fly his poor patron's proboscis  
 Up started the hermit—" Base villain," said he,  
 " Is this the reward for my goodness to thee ? "

" " you  
ather have *fifty* of them on  
of your friendly but terrible bl

lways take heed, when we render  
serve not our friend as the bear  
ie :

ls had much better, we know, be  
he pain, or the danger, of having



## FABLE VIII.

### THE CLOWN PRAYING TO HERC

AN ancient Roman, you must kno  
(I think his name was *Cicero*,)  
Wishing to make his garden sma  
Bespoke some gravel of a carter;  
Butt that had many miles to com  
    + *Musculum*:

And there for near an hour he lay ;  
 Thought he, " to Hercules I'll pray,  
 And this, I think, will do to say :

" O thou, who wrench'd the lion's jaws,  
 Regardless of his teeth and claws ;  
 Who drown'd the *Hydra* (if I'm right),  
 And *Cerberus* didst drag to light ;  
 Who flung the boar, and toss'd the bull  
 Over thy shoulders, with a pull ;  
 Captured the oxen ; *Geryon* slew,  
 And Diomedes vanquish'd too ;  
 Who caught the stag that ran so fast,  
 And shot those birds of prey at last ;  
 Who conquer'd those great *Amazons*,  
 And all the stables cleansed at once  
 (Two thousand of them) ; and, I'm told,  
 Procured the apples made of gold.  
 O Hercules ! so strong thou art,  
 Sure thou canst move this horse and cart."

Scarce had he ceased, when rolling thunder  
 Surprised this man with fear and wonder ;  
 Then straight before his eyes he sees  
 No less a form than Hercules,  
 Who soon began in words like these :

" You impious, idle, lazy fellow !  
 How long will you lie there and bellow ?  
 Disturbing my immortal neighbours,  
 With that long rig-me-roll of labours !  
 Think you, I'll help you with your load,  
 While you lie sprawling on the road ?  
 Apply your shoulders to the wheel,  
 Nor idly thus before me kneel ;  
 Then, should the task too mighty prove,  
 I may assist you with a shove ;

AESOP IN RHYME.

t those who indolent remain  
y roar for help, but roar in vain."

s is the moral of the fable,—  
help yourself, if you are able.

---

FABLE IX.

THE LION AND THE ASS.

of old *A*Esop, it once came to pass  
saw fit to make friends with an ass  
l he, “ I well know, by myself, he ca  
le as to strike all the beasts with d  
ou take the rear, I'll proceed to the  
n ; “then make the worst noise that y  
seized with a panic, I have not a do  
end in their total dispersion and ro

## FABLE X.

## THE DOG INVITED TO DINNER.

A GENTLEMAN (a friend of mine)  
 Invited sundry folks to dine ;  
 I cannot tell you who, because  
 I was not there ; but some one was,  
 Who, when returned, with ready pen  
 Recorded that which happen'd then.

It seems this circumstance occurr'd ;—  
 The dog the orders overheard,  
 For game, and fish, and butcher's meat,  
 And much beside,—a royal treat.  
 So finding mighty preparations,  
 The dog ask'd one of *his* relations ;  
 He thought it was, and so do I,  
 A lucky opportunity.

This dog arriv'd, was usher'd in,  
 Where charming things were smelt and seen ;  
 The meat while raw so tempting look'd,  
 They wish'd it were not to be cook'd ;  
 Though then they might have thought it nice,  
 But for the pepper and the spice :  
 Yet as it might be underdone,  
 And some have pepper, some have none,  
 'Twixt venison, mutton, beef, and veal,  
 They doubted not to make a meal.

But woe befel the luckless cur ;  
 Whence some disaster, you'll infer.  
*The cook*, you see, who chanc'd to find him,  
 Turn'd round, and softly crept behind him,

Twas bad enough to break his bones,  
By falling headlong on the stones ;  
But this, though bad, was not the wor  
That yet remains to be rehearsed ;  
For all the dogs and cats he knew  
Press'd round with friendly "*How d'*  
" Do !" said our hero, somewhat gruf  
" What do you mean ? I'm well enou

" We're glad to hear it, sir," said t  
" How did you like your dinner, pray  
" Dinner !" said he,—" I only wi  
All you could taste that charming di  
In truth, so much I ate and drank,  
I must acknowledge, to be frank,  
I was so sadly overcome,  
I scarce know how I left the room."

Thus disappointment and confusio  
Reward an impudent intrusion.

"That was very well done," thought a crow, "I confess ;  
 Yet I can perform it still better, I guess :"  
 So saying, *she* dropt on the back of a lamb,  
 But "alas !" thought the crow, "what a blockhead I am !"

For her feet were entangled so fast in the fleece,  
 That she neither could rise nor obtain her release ;  
 So instead of her taking the *lamb*, you must know,  
 The lamb with great ease ran away with the *crow*.

When little folks try with the great to compare,  
 They soon show their neighbours *how* little they are.

---

### FABLE XII.

#### THE MOUSE AND THE WEASEL.

Of a mouse I have read, who so poorly was fed,  
 That her person quite dwindled away ;  
 Until being so thin, through a crack she squeezed in  
 To some corn, where she feasted all day.

When no more she could eat, she essay'd to retreat,  
 But how was she shock'd to discern  
 That her bulk had increased, by the means of her  
 feast,  
 To a size that forbad her return !

So she scrambled about ; but she could not get out ;  
 Said a weasel, "Your hurry I blame ;  
 This advice I would tender :—first starve yourself  
 slender,  
 And then you may go as you came."

## FABLE XIII.

### THE GRAPES ARE SOUR.

MONKEY some charming ripe grapes  
Which how to obtain, was the query  
r up to a trellis so high they were t  
That he jump'd till he made himself  
finding, at last, they were out of hi  
Said he, "Let them have them who  
see that they're green, and don't do  
sour,  
And fruit that's unripe makes me  
'hose will ne'er be believed by the w  
Who pretend to despise what they c

Soon after he found the fine coat of a lion ;  
 " Oh ! this," thought the ass, " by all means I will  
     try on,"  
 Which at last he contriv'd to throw over his shoulders;  
 " Now," said he, " with what awe shall I strike all  
     beholders ! "

Then he went to a pond to survey himself in it,  
 And when he had stay'd to adjust it a minute,  
 Had had the last look, and felt sure it would do,  
 To his neighbours he hasted to make his *debut*.

" Dear ! now," said the beast, " how provoking it is,  
 Not a soul's to be seen such a fine day as this !  
 —I wish, though, it would not hang over one's eyes ;  
 I must try to procure one that's nearer my size."

Just after he met a stray pig in the road,  
 So he looked as terrific and fierce as he could ;  
 But instead of his showing the smallest dismay,  
 The pig only grunted and kept on his way.

He next saw a fox, and to fright him the more,  
 He tried, when they met, like a lion to roar :  
 " Ah !" said Reynard, " think not for a *lion* to pass,  
 While you act like a donkey, and bray like an *ass*."

---

Vulgar people well drest will be sure to be known ;  
 For the moment they *speak*, their vulgarity's shown.

---

IAN who had travell'd, his story unr  
And strange were the things he relate  
His hearers began to discredit the n  
For they were with his miracles sated

he rack'd his invention, to keep thei  
And at last he declared to them all  
at he leap'd from the dome of St. Pet  
Without being hurt by his fall.

nor," said he, "when at Rhodes, I  
their modes,  
And in leaping became so expert,  
that now should they toss us clean o'e  
I am certain I should not be hurt !"

This all were agreed, was surprising in  
Provided the whole were authentic ;  
hen the truth to confirm, he employe  
In *Sheridan, Johnson, or Entick.*

But, good sir," said a friend, "all ou

## FABLE XVI.

## THE DOG AND THE WOLF.

A WOLF there was whose scanty fare  
 Had made his person lean and spare :  
 A dog there was, so amply fed,  
 His sides were plump and sleek, 'tis said ;  
 The wolf once met this prosp'rous cur,  
 And thus began :—“ Your servant, sir ;  
 I'm pleased to see you look so well,  
 Though how it is I cannot tell ;  
 I have not broke my fast to-day ;  
 Nor have I, I'm concerned to say,  
 One bone in store or expectation,  
 And that I call a great vexation.”

“Indeed it is,” the dog replied ;  
 “I know no ill so great beside ;  
 But if you do not like to be  
 So poorly fed, come live with me.”  
 “Agreed,” rejoined the wolf, “I'll go :  
 But pray, what work am I to do ?”  
 “Oh, guard the house, and do not fail  
 To bark at thieves and wag your tail.”

So off they jogg'd, and soon arrived  
 At where the friendly mastiff lived.  
 “Well,” said the wolf, “I can't deny  
 You have a better house than I.”  
 “Not so,” the other then replied,  
 “If you with me will here abide.”  
 “Oh !” said the wolf, “how kind you are !  
 But what d'ye call that hanging there ?

And should you wear it, you wou  
It's nothing that you need to mir

“ I'll take your word,” the wolf  
“ Its truth by me shall ne'er be t  
I'll have my liberty again,  
And you your collar and your ch

Our neighbours sometimes see  
A vast deal better off than we ;  
Yet seldom 'tis they really are,  
Since *they* have troubles too to b  
Which, if the truth were really  
Are quite as grievous as our own

---

## FABLE XVII.

### THE HERDSMAN.

So what did he do, sir, but put up a board,  
Describing the theft, and proposed a reward  
‘a lamb to the man who would give information  
Concerning the thief, and his true designation.

The project succeeded ; for soon there applied  
certain near neighbour, with others beside.  
But tell me the thief ! ” said the herdsman, “ at least ; ”  
Come hither,” said they, “ and we’ll show you the  
beast.”

“ The beast ! ” said the rustic, who thought he should  
die on  
the spot, when he found that the thief was a lion !  
All luck to my hurry ! what now shall I do ?  
promised a lamb to detect you, ’tis true ;  
it now I’d consent all my substance to pay,  
I could but with safety get out of your way.”

Illy people ask things that would ruin, if sent ;  
They demand them in haste, and at leisure repent.

---

### FABLE XVIII.

#### THE CHAMELEON.

Two friends, B and A, were disputing, one day,  
On a creature they’d both of them seen ;  
it who would suppose the debate that arose  
Was whether ’twas scarlet or green.

said B, “ If you’re right, I will own black is white,  
Or that two, with two added, make eight ; ”  
And so will I too,” replied A, “ when you show  
That that creature is green, as you state.”

Said another who happen'd to l  
“ Oh !” said D, “ it's absurd ! if yo  
The creature was brown as a b  
“ Not brown, sir,” said Jack, “ w  
black ;”  
Then the neighbours began to l  
“ Come,” said E, “ hold your tor  
you wrong,  
Or, at least, you are none of yo  
Then a box he display'd where th  
When this marvellous lizard wa  
‘ Good people,” said I, “ a chamele  
Can change *any* colour to suit ;  
Now if this had been known, all i  
You would not have commenced

## FABLE XIX.

## THE BOYS AND THE FROGS.

SOME boys, beside a pond or lake,  
Were playing once at *duck and drake* ;  
When, doubtless to their heart's content,  
Volleys of stones were quickly sent.

But there were some (there will be such)  
Who did not seem amused so much ;  
These were the frogs, to whom the game,  
In point of sport, was not the same.

For scarce a stone arrived, 'tis said,  
But gave some frog a broken head ;  
And scores, in less than half an hour,  
Perish'd beneath the dreadful shower.

At last, said one, " Young folks, I say,  
Do fling your stones another way ;  
Though *sport* to *you* to throw them thus,  
Remember, pray, 'tis *death* to us ! "

From hence this moral may be learn'd ;—  
Let play be *play* to *all concern'd*.

---

## FABLE XX.

## THE HORSE AND THE ASS.

A HORSE and a donkey once met on the road :  
" Dear me !" said the former, " you've got a great load ;  
I'm really concern'd at your case, from my heart."  
" Why then," thought the ass, " don't you carry  
part ? "

AESOP IN RHYME.

At last, said the donkey, "Come, neighbour,  
won't you lend me a hand with my burden?  
I can carry the panniers, if you'll take the sack;  
you'll stop, I can hitch it just on to you."  
"Not so," said the horse, "for should that  
ass pass,  
our owner, I'm certain, would think *me* a fool,  
and sooner I'd bear any load he could pile,  
than a name so contemptible, vulgar, and base."  
The ass gave a look, but nothing replied;  
then she fell to the earth with her burden, as though  
the man coming up when he saw the ass  
had made the horse carry donkey, sack, panniers,

We had best with good-will help our neighbour  
out of trouble,  
Nor be forced to comply when the labourer

Disguised himself in shape of man,  
As well we know such beings can ;  
And to a sculptor's shop descended,  
Where statues of the gods were vended :  
There *Jupiter* and *Juno* stood,  
In bronze, in marble, and in wood ;  
*Mars* and *Minerva* richly drest,  
And *Mercury* amongst the rest.

Then said he to the sculptor, "Sir,  
Pray what's the price of *Jupiter*?"  
The sum was named without delay :  
" And what d' ye ask for *Juno*, pray?"  
" A trifle more," the man replied ;  
" She's more esteem'd than most beside :"  
" And what for *that* upon the shelf?"  
Said *Mercury*, nodding at himself.

" Oh!" said the man, " his worth is small ;  
I never charge for him at all ;  
But when the other gods are bought,  
I always give him in for nought."

You ask me what I think of you,—  
You're foolish and conceited too.  
No persons thus for praise will seek  
But those who are both vain and weak.

### FABLE XXII.

#### THE BULL AND THE GNAT.

In the horn of a bullock alighted a gnat ;  
o which it is likely you'll say, " What of that?"  
*I tell you* : this insect thought he was so great,  
*at the beast must be weary with bearing his weight*

ÆSOP IN RHYME.

' I'm afraid that my pressure disturbs you  
You must feel much oppressed by a person  
But if for five minutes you'll let me remain  
I'll remove to some tree which my weight can

' Sit still and be quiet, I pray," said the  
" Your weight does not burden my neck in  
Indeed I knew not of your coming, and so  
I shall not miss you whene'er you think prop

Tis the most insignificant persons, we see  
Who suppose themselves folks of import

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FABLE XXIII.

THE COCK AND THE JEWEL.

A cock there was :—a sage was he  
(If Æsop we may trust),  
Who wish'd to make a meal, you see,

“But one good barley-corn to me  
 Has more intrinsic worth  
 Than all the pearls now in the sea,  
 Or gold now in the earth.”

The moral here in Æsop’s mind  
 Was this, there’s not a doubt ;  
 Things have *most* value which we find  
 We *cannot* do without.

---

#### FABLE XXIV.

##### THE MAN AND THE LION.

A man and a lion once had a dispute,  
 Which was reckon’d the greatest, the man or the brute ;  
 The lion discoursed on his side at some length,  
 And greatly enlarged on his courage and strength.

The man, one would think, had enough to reply  
 On *his* side the question, which none could deny ;  
 But, like many others who make a pretence,  
 He talk’d perfect nonsense and thought it was sense.

“So,” said he, “don’t be prating,—look yonder, I  
 pray,  
 At that sculpture of marble, now what will you say ?  
 The lion is vanquish’d ; but, as for the man,  
 He is striding up on him ; deny it who can.”

“But pray,” said the lion, “who sculptured that  
 stone ?”  
 “One of *us*,” said the man, “I must candidly own ;  
 “But when *we* are sculptors,” the other replied,  
 “You will then on the man see the lion astride.”

sufficiently shows . . .

---

## FABLE XXV.

### THE TWO FROGS.

THE day was hot,—the heat was dire,  
Enough to make a post perspire;  
The ponds were empty, pumps were dry,  
The ducks were thirsty, so was I.

Two frogs resolved (quite right, I thi  
To take a tour in search of drink ;  
And long they sped them on their way.  
And many a dangerous leap had they ;

But there appear'd a well, at length  
Which both approach'd with failing s  
they gave an anxious peep,

## FABLE XXVI.

## THE FOX AND THE CRANE.

"I CERTAINLY think," said a fox to a crane,  
 "That face, ma'am, of yours is remarkably plain;  
 That beak that you wear is so frightful a feature,  
 It makes you appear a most singular creature."

The crane, much offended at what she had heard,  
 March'd off at full speed, without saying a word;  
 "Oh dear!" said the fox, "Mrs. Crane, I protest  
 You misunderstood me—'twas only in jest.

"Come, don't be affronted—stay with me and dine;  
 You know very well 'tis this temper of mine  
 To say such odd things to my intimate friends;  
 But you know that poor Reynard no mischief intends."

So the crane thought it best not to break with him  
 quite,  
 But to view his remarks in a good-natured light.  
 So she put on as pleasant a face as she could  
 When he ask'd her to dine, and replied that she would.

But alas! she perceived that his jokes were not over,  
 When Reynard removed from the victuals its cover;  
 'Twas neither game, butcher's meat, chicken, nor fish;  
 But plain gravy soup, in a broad shallow dish.

Now this the fox lapp'd with his tongue very quick,  
 While the crane could scarce dip in the point of her  
 beak;  
 "You make a poor dinner," said he to his guest;  
 "Oh dear! by no means," said the bird, "I prote

**ZESOP IN RHYME.**

the crane ask'd the fox on a subseq.  
nothing, it seems, for their dinner I  
me minced meat served up in a narrow-  
ong, and too narrow, for Reynard by  
You make a poor dinner, I fear," said  
ay, I think," said the fox, "'twould be  
eny what you say; yet I cannot comp  
confess, though a fox, that I'm matched

unning folks who play tricks which go  
condemn,  
ten find their own tricks play'd upon th

---

**FABLE XXVII.**

**THE TRAVELLER AND THE SATYR**

A LUCKLESS wight, in winter snow,  
a forest through,

"Here is my cave hard by," said he ;  
 "Walk in, you're welcome, pray be free."

The traveller did not hesitate,  
 Hoping for something good to eat,  
 But followed to his heart's content,  
 Blowing his fingers as he went.

"Pray," said the Satyr, "may I know  
 For what you blow your fingers so ?"

"What ! need you," said the man, "be told ?—  
 To warm my fingers, 'numb'd with cold."

"Indeed !" was all his host replied,  
 Intent some pottage to provide,  
 Which heated well, with spice infused,  
 Was to his shivering guest produced :  
 So hot it was, as *Aesop* sung,  
 It made our traveller scald his tongue ;  
 And wishing not again to do it,  
 Our hero could not wait, but blew it.

"What !" said his host, in accent rough,  
 "Is not your pottage hot enough ?"

"Yes," said the man, "full well I know it,  
 'Tis far too hot—that's why I blow it."

"You artful villain, do you so ?"  
 His host replied, with angry brow ;  
 "My cave shall not a moment hold  
 A man that blows both hot and cold !  
 By none but rogues can that be done :  
 You double-dealing wretch, begone !"

The traveller scarce deserved such wrath,  
 For warming fingers—cooling broth.  
*No statutes old or new forbid it,*  
*Although with the same mouth he did it :*

beware of, old and young,  
Esop meant—a double tongue ;  
flatters now with civil clack,  
anders soon behind one's back.

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### FABLE XXVIII.

#### THE TRAVELLERS AND THE PURSE.

friends once were walking in sociable chat,  
When a purse one espied on the ground ;  
see !” said he (“ thank my good fortune for  
What a large sum of money I've found !”  
“ ay, do not say *I*,” said his friend, “ for you  
“ Tis but friendship to share it with me ; ”  
“ I share it with you,” cried the other, “ Ho  
“ He who *found* it the owner should be.”  
“ Be it so,” said his friend, “ but what sound  
“ Stop thief ! one is calling to you ; ”  
“ He comes with a constable close in the rear  
“ Said the other, “ Oh ! what shall we do  
“ ” said his friend, “ the prize

## FABLE XXXII.

## THE HONEST WOODMAN.

A CERTAIN man—excuse, I pray,  
Commencing in the dog-trot way;  
For what, I ask, am I to do  
When *Æsop* does not tell me who?—  
This man, with many a hearty stroke,  
Was cutting down an ancient oak ;  
When, as he smote, his axe's head  
Far from its handle quickly sped,  
And, to the woodman's great dismay,  
Into the river found its way.  
“Now tell us why,” the rustic cried,  
“Ye could not on the stick abide ?  
You surely might have staid with me  
At least till I had fell'd the tree.”  
Thus did the man his thoughts express,  
And sat him down in great distress ;  
But had not long reclined himself,  
When there appeared a sprightly elf,  
Who ask'd the reason of his grief,  
And promised also quick relief.  
The man explain'd, the sprite withdrew,  
Intent his magic power to shew ;  
Forthwith he dived beneath the stream  
Full many a fathom, to redeem  
This woodman's hatchet ;—but behold !  
He found one made of solid gold !  
“Is this the tool you lost ?” said he ;  
“O no, that ne'er belong'd to me,”

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ok,



"Nor yet your *own*," rejoin'd the elf,  
 "Unless you make a plunge yourself."

A maxim I shall now rehearse,  
 Which suits exactly with my verse ;  
 That honesty is found to be  
 The best and *wisest* policy :  
 Although the crafty man disdains  
 The honest man as wanting brains.

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## FABLE XXXIII.

## THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.

You must know, that a crow  
 Felt inclined, when she'd dined,  
 For some drink, being thirsty and hot ;  
 But puddle or pool, her fever to cool,  
 Within twenty miles there was not.

Then said she, "Woe is me !  
 Surely I must soon die,"  
 When lo ! she espied, at a distance,  
 A pitcher or jug, *alias* pipkin or mug,  
 Which promised the needed assistance.

"*A propos*," said the crow,  
 "Now I think I shall drink,  
 And I shall be there in a minute ;"  
 But alas ! for the bird,—still her draught was deferr'd,  
 For scarcely a cup-full was in it.

"How provoking ! I'm choaking!"  
 Said she ; "but let's see !  
 Sure I've thought of a project to gain it ;

## FABLE XXXI<sup>v</sup>

### THE YOUNG MOUSE

In a crack near a cupboard, with door  
A certain young mouse with her mother,  
So securely they lived on that fort,  
Any mouse in the land might have envied.

But one day this young mouse,  
    roam,  
Having made an excursion some way,  
On a sudden return'd, with such joy,  
That her grey sedate parent expressed surprise.  
“O mother!” said she, “the world is wide,

" And then they have made such nice holes in the wall,  
 One could slip in and out with no trouble at all ;  
 But forcing one through such rough crannies as these,  
 Always gives one's poor ribs a most terrible squeeze.

" But the best of all is, they've provided us well,  
 With a large piece of cheese of most exquisite smell ;  
 'Twas so nice, I had put my head in to go through,  
 When I thought it my duty to come and fetch you."

" Ah, child !" said her mother, " believe, I entreat,  
 Both the cage and the cheese are a horrible cheat :  
 Do not think all that trouble they took for our *good* ;  
 They would catch us, and *kill* us all there if they could,  
 As they've caught and kill'd scores ; and I never could  
 learn  
 That a mouse who once enter'd, did ever return ! "

Let the young people mind what the old people say,  
 And when danger is near them keep out of the way.

### FABLE XXXV.

#### THE TOAD AND THE FLY.

WHEN Cadmus lived in days of yore,  
 Three thousand years ago or more :—  
 Retired within a shady grot,  
 There lived a toad—deny it not,  
 Who, thoughtful, sleepy, or sedate,  
 Pass'd years away in lonely state.

He could not strenu,<sup>ous</sup>, nor . . . .  
—Oh ! had he known, ere his repose,  
How many years he had to doze,  
No doubt he would have settled all  
His worldly matters, great and small  
Nor left his children fighting battles  
About his sundry goods and chattels  
Who knew not (pardon this digressio  
Whether they ought to take possessio

Three thousand years had he to p:  
Imbedded in the solid mass ;  
(I hope this messuage of stone  
Was *rent free* all this time, I own.)  
However, not a year ago,  
It seems this block was sawn in two  
When, to the workmen's great surpr  
The drowsy reptile met their eyes,  
Who issued, from his durance freed,  
A venerable toad indeed.  
Then crowds drew near from far to

“ And so,” said he, “ I find its true,  
 This *world’s* but twice as old as you ;  
 A poor ephemeron am I,  
 This day was born, this day must die ;  
 Yet I maintain, say what you will,  
*My* life has been the longest still.”

“ What,” said the toad, with angry hiss,  
 “ D’ye mean by such a speech as this ?”

“ Sir,” said the fly, with ready breath,  
 “ Sleep is another kind of death ;  
*Your* days, though more than I can number,  
 You’ve spent in one continued slumber ;  
*My* life, though short it is, I own,  
 Has never once a slumber known :—  
 I do not reckon in the term  
 While I remain’d a torpid worm ;  
 Nor you the time you must have dozed  
 Ere stone around you could have closed :  
 Nor when one’s *half asleep* you see,  
 Which you *at present* seem to be ;  
 But when one’s broad awake, you know,  
 And doing what one has to do,  
 As has this very day been done  
 By me, a poor ephemeron ;  
 Which *single day*, it hence appears,  
 Exceeds your long *three thousand years.*”

I’d further add, the sense to fix,  
 Lie not till *nine*, but rise at *six* ;  
 The longer you can keep awake,  
 The longer you your life will make.

---

**MILKMAID,** "etc.  
thus mused on her prospects in life.  
Let's see—I should think that this  
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore

" Well then—stop a bit:—it must  
Some of these may be broken, and so  
But if twenty for accidents should  
It will leave me just sixty sound e

"Well, sixty sound eggs—no; sour  
Of these some may die;—we'll sup  
Seventeen!—not so many—say ten  
Which will leave fifty chickens to

" But then there's their barley:  
need?  
Why they take but one grain at a  
So that's a mere trifle:—now the  
at price. how muc

ÆSOP IN RHYME.

"Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how  
it is,

hat I can't reckon up such money as t  
'ell, there's no use in trying : so let's g  
will say twenty pounds, and it can't be

"Twenty pounds, I am certain, will b  
hirty geese, and two turkeys—eight pi  
ow if these turn out well, at the end c  
shall fill both my pockets with guinea

"Then I'll bid that old tumble-down ho  
y mother she'll scold, and my sisters t  
ut I won't care a crow's egg for all th  
shan't go to stop with such beggars a

But forgetting her burden, when thi  
he maid superciliously toss'd up her h  
hen alas! for her prospects—her milk  
nd so all her schemes for the future

This moral, I think, may be safely att  
eckon not on your chickens before t

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FABLE XXXVII.

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG

A LARK who had her nest c  
Says Æsop, in a barley field  
Began, as harvest time drew  
The reaping of the corn to  
Afraid they would her nes  
Before her tender brood c

The farmer well and ~~mean~~  
And sundry observations :  
At last, "I'll tell you wha  
" This corn is fit to eat, I  
But we our neighbours' he  
So tell them we begin to-

Just after this the lark  
When from her brood this  
" Ah ! dearest mother," th  
" Pray let us all be gone

" My dears," said she,  
I shall not be uneasy yet  
For if he waits for neigh  
The business long will b

At dawn she left her  
And charged her young

" Ah ! children, be at ease," said she ;  
 " We're safe another day, I see ;  
 For these *relations*, you will find,  
 Just like his *friends*, will stay behind."

At dawn again the lark withdrew,  
 And did again her charge renew.

Once more the farmer early came,  
 And found the case was just the same ;  
 The day advanced, the sun was high ;  
 But not a single help drew nigh.  
 Then said the farmer, " Hark ye, son—  
 I see this job will not be done  
 While thus we wait for friends and neighbours ;  
 So you and I'll commence our labours :  
 To-morrow early we'll begin  
*Ourselves*, and get our harvest in."

" Now," said the lark, when this she'd heard,  
 " Our movement must not be deferr'd ;  
 For if the farmer and his son  
 Themselves begin, 'twill soon be done."

The morrow proved the lark was right ;  
 For all was cut and housed by night.

Hence, while we wait for others' aid,  
 Our business needs must be delay'd ;  
 Which might be done with half the labour  
 'Twould take to go and call a neighbour.

---

A PHILOSOPHER, proud of his wits,  
Sat him under an oak in a hot summer;  
On the oak grew an acorn or two, it is said;  
On the ground grew a pumpkin as big.

Thought the sage, "What's the reason  
strong

A few acorns to bear that are scarce an  
While this poor feeble plant has a weig  
Which had much better hang on the tre

But just at the time the philosopher  
An acorn dropt down on his head from  
Then said he, who just now thought *I*  
clever,

"I am glad that *this* was not a pump!

The sage would no doubt have look'd  
Had a *pumpkin* descended with force  
Of his folly then let us in future beware  
And believe that such matters are best  
Left to the manners and customs of old

## FABLE XXXIX.

## THE TWO CATS.

Two cats or dogs, just which you please,  
 Purloin'd a piece of Cheshire cheese ;  
 But when to part the same they tried,  
 They did not seem quite satisfied ;  
 But after some small altercation,  
 Referr'd the same to arbitration ;  
 Entrusting to a monkey's paws  
 The whole disposal of their cause.

“ Now then,” said he, with learned look,  
 As in his hands the scales he took ;  
 “ You say these bits should weigh the same ;  
 But one I see will kick the beam  
 Unless I have a bit of t'other :—  
 Dear me ! now this outweighs the other.  
 What shall I do ?—another bite  
 Yet I must have to get them right.  
 Hey day ! they are unequal yet !  
 Well, I'll adjust them : do not fret,”  
 Said he, and bit another piece  
 From the small remnant of their cheese.

“ Hold !” said the cats, “ good sir, refrain,  
 And give us back our cheese again.”

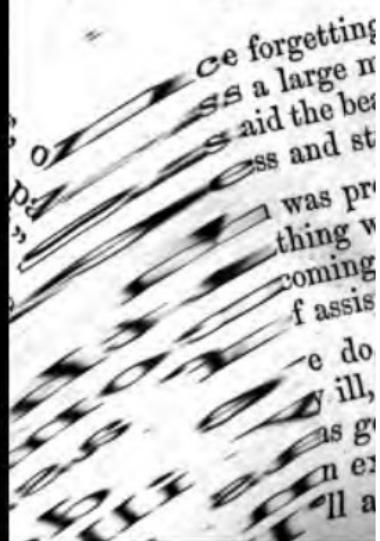
“ Not so,” the learned judge replied ;  
 “ Justice is not yet satisfied ;  
 A case of consequence, like this,  
 I cannot in such haste dismiss ;  
 Another piece from this must come  
 To gain an equilibrium.”

You'd better ~~wax~~  
Than go to law and los

FAB

THE WOLF

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ÆSOP IN RHYME.

Thought the crane, "I'm no surgeon ; yet all  
    agree,  
That my beak will make excellent forceps ;  
And as for the money, I do not now see  
Why I need refuse taking his worship's."

Said the bird, "It's agreed :" said his p:  
    " Proceed,  
And take the bone hence, I beseech ;"  
Which, after a while, and with infinite toil,  
The crane at last managed to reach.

"Thank my stars !" said the beast, from his t  
    released,  
— "Thank you too, sir," said he to the bird :  
"Alas !" said the crane, "is this all I'm to gain  
I was waiting the promised reward."

Said the wolf, "You forget I've contracted no  
Since the service was render'd by me ;  
Your head I released from the jaws of a beast,  
And now you're demanding a fee !"

Give your help to a *wolf*, should he beg for you  
But you must not expect when you've done to be

allow.

: bone.

known.

: beast.

ll,

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FABLE XLI.

THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

A fox by chance, and not design,  
    Into a well did tumble ;  
So it fell out, that he fell in,  
    Which made poor Reynard grumble.

*Demonic, & &&&*  
So wholesome too, that if you were  
Now dying, they would cure ye."

Deceived by this vile fellow's clack  
The silly goat descended;  
So Reynard jumping on his back,  
Got out as he intended.

When we take the advice of a rogue, who  
t 'twill end like the goat jumping into t

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## FABLE XLII.

### THE LAME MAN AND THE BLIND

Two persons once met in a dangerous place  
When each to the other thus opened his case  
said one, " Oh ! good Christian, do pray

the cripple consented, and got on his back,  
I thus both with safety continued their track.

By this fable you see we've endeavour'd to show  
What a little good-natured contrivance can do.

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### FABLE XLIII.

#### THE FOX AND THE HEN.

A HUNGRY fox, in quest of prey,  
Into an out-house found his way,  
When looking round with skilful search,  
He 'spied a hen upon a perch.

Thought Reynard, " What's the reason why  
They place her on a roost so high?  
I know not what the use can be,  
Unless it's out of spite to me."

As thus he thought, the hen awoke,  
When thus to her sly Reynard spoke.

" Dear madam, I'm concern'd to hear  
You've been unwell for half a year;  
I could not quell my strong desire  
After your welfare to inquire;  
But pray come down and take the air;  
You'll ne'er get well while sitting there;  
I'm sure it will not hurt your cough,  
—Do give me leave to help you off."

" I thank you, sir," the hen replied,  
" I'd rather on my roost abide;

For from my perch should I des  
I'm certain in my death 'twould  
As then, I know, without presu  
My cough would end in a consu

Thus *cunning* people often fin  
Their crafty overtures declined  
By *prudent* people, whom they i  
For want of wit, would soon be

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#### FABLE XLIV.

##### THE TORTOISE.

NCE a tortoise complain'd (though  
much use),  
hat he scarce could see over the back  
hat his legs were so short, and his p  
f the world and its wonders he nothi

But an eagle who chanced the strange creature to see,  
Exclaim'd with amazement, "Pray who can that be?"  
"Oh, the king of the tortoises! do not you know him?"  
Said they; "'tis our honour his kingdom to show him."

Said the bird, "Ere I take that as true, I must  
pause;"  
The tortoise impatient, then open'd his jaws  
To confirm his new title, when straight he descended!  
So his journey, and reign, and existence were ended!

So far had the tortoise to fall, they relate,  
That he'd time while descending to muse on his fate:  
"Ah!" thought he, "thus I pay for my foolish ambition,  
Which would not be content with a humble condition;  
Yet I might have hung safely, I cannot deny,  
Had my mouth not been open'd to utter a lie."

## FABLE XLV.

## THE DOG OF REFLECTION.

A dog growing thinner, for want of a dinner,  
Once purloin'd him a joint from a tray;  
How happy I am, with this shoulder of lamb!"  
Thought the cur as he trotted away.  
  
But the way that he took lay just over a brook,  
Which he found it was needful to cross;  
So, without more ado, he plunged in to go through,  
Not dreaming of danger or loss.  
  
But what should appear, in this rivulet clear,  
As he thought upon coolest reflection,

He slowly walked home --

ence, when we are needy, don't let us forget  
(Excuse me this line of digression.)  
est in snatching at all like the dog we  
The good that we have in possession.

FABLE XLVI.

## THE TRAVELLERS AND BEAR

Two trav'lers one morning set out from  
It might be from *Sparta*, from *Athens*,  
It matters not which ; but agreed, it is  
Should danger arise, to lend each other

But scarce was this done, when forth ran  
Sprung a bear from a wood tow'rd's the  
twain;

Then one of our heroes, with courage i  
Climb'd into a tree, and there found its

Why this," said the other, " he told me to do,  
    > beware for the future of cowards like you."

those people who run from their friends in ~~distress~~,  
    ill be left when *themselves* are in trouble, I ~~guess~~.

### FABLE XLVII.

#### THE FROGS AND THE BULL.

A BULL once treading near a bog,  
Displaced the entrails of a frog,  
    Who near his foot did trust them ;  
In fact, so great was the contusion,  
And made of his inwards such confusion,  
    No art could re-adjust them.

It chanced that some who saw his fate,  
Did to a friend the deed relate,  
    With croakings, groans, and hisses ;  
" The beast," said they, " in size excell'd  
All other beasts,"—their neighbour swell'd,  
    And ask'd, " As large as this is ! "

" O ! larger far than that," said they,  
" Do not attempt it, madam, pray ;"  
    But still the frog distended,  
And said, " I'll burst, but I'll exceed,"—  
She tried, and burst herself indeed !  
    And so the matter ended.

Should you with pride inflate and swell,  
As did the frog : then who can tell !  
*Your sides may crack as has been shown,*  
*And we with laughing crack our own.*

SOME mice who saw fit once a quarter to  
To arrange the concerns of their city  
Thought it needful to choose, as is common  
First a chairman and then a committee.

When the chairman was seated, the object  
For which at that meeting they sat  
Which was, it should seem, the concert  
To defeat the designs of the cat.

*Dr. Nibble-cheese* rose, and said, "I would  
To this cat that we fasten a bell:  
He who likes what I've said, now will hold  
He who does not, may hold up his hand."

So out of respect, they their noses ere  
Except one who the order reversed.  
*Ayes*, all then but one, but yet enough  
Until he had his reasons rehearsed.

"I shall not," said this mouse, "wast

Then be not too hasty in giving advice,  
 lest your schemes should remind of the council of  
 mice ;  
 You had better delay your opinion a year,  
 than put forth a ridiculous one, it is clear.

---

## FABLE XLIX.

## THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

A WOLF and lamb once chanced to meet  
 Beside a stream, whose waters sweet  
 Brought various kinds of beasts together,  
 When dry and sultry was the weather ;  
 Now though the wolf came there to *drink*,  
 Of *eating* he began to think,  
 As soon as near the lamb he came,  
 And straight resolved to kill the same ;  
 Yet thought it better to begin  
 With threat'ning words and angry mien.

“ And so,” said he to him below,  
 “ How dare you stir the water so ?  
 Making the cool refreshing flood  
 As brown as beer, and thick as mud.”

“ Sir,” said the lamb, “ that cannot be,  
 The water flows *from you to me* ;  
 So, ’tis impossible, I think,  
 That what I do can spoil your drink.”

“ I say it does, you saucy puss :  
 How dare you contradict me thus ?  
 But more than this, you idle slack,  
 You rail’d at me behind my back.

Rejoin'd the wolf—who waited no  
But kill'd and ate him on the spot.

Some, like the wolf, adopt the way  
To make a quarrel *if they can* ;  
But none with you *can* hold disp'ns;  
If you're *determined* to be mute ;  
For sure this proverb must be true,  
That ev'ry *quarrel* must have two ends.

---

## FABLE L.

### THE BEASTS IN PARTNERS

THIS *firm* once existed, I'd have you

" My friends," said the lion, " I've parted, you see,  
The whole into six, which is right, you'll agree ;  
One part I may claim as my share in the trade ;"  
" O take it and welcome," they all of them said.

" I claim too the second ; since no one denies  
'Twas my courage and conduct that gain'd you the  
prize :  
And as for the third ; that you know is a fine  
To the lord of the manor, and therefore is mine."

" Hey day !" said the fox ; " Stop a bit," said the  
lion ;  
" I have not quite done," said he, fixing his eye on  
The other three parts ; " you are fully aware,  
That, as *tribute*, one other part comes to my share.

" And, I think, 'twould be prudent the next to put  
by  
Somewhere safe in *my* den for a future supply ;  
And the other, you know, will but barely suffice,  
To pay those expenses which always arise."

" If this be the case," said the fox, " I discern  
That the business to *us* is a losing concern ;  
If so, to withdraw I should think would be best ;"  
" O yes ! let us break up the firm," said the rest ;  
And so,—for you may not have heard of it yet,—  
It was quickly dissolved, though not in *the gazette*.

Some folks in their dealings, like him in the fable,  
Will take others' shares, if they think they are able ;  
But let them not wonder who act in this way,  
If they find none will join them in business or play.

---

A LION, with the heat oppress'd,  
One day composed himself to rest ;  
But whilst he dozed, as he intende  
A mouse his royal back ascended ;  
Nor thought of harm, as Æsop tel'  
Mistaking him for something else  
And travell'd over him, and round  
And might have left him as he fo  
Had he not,—tremble when you h  
Tried to explore the monarch's ea  
Who straightway woke with wrat'  
And shook his head to cast him tl  
“ You rascal, what are you about ?  
Said he, when he had turn'd him  
“ I'll teach you soon,” the lion sai  
“ To make a mouse-hole in my he  
So saying, he prepared his foot  
To crush the trembling tiny brut  
But he (the mouse) with tearful  
Implored the lion's clemency,

When the poor mouse, who heard the noise,  
 Attended, for she knew his voice.  
 Then what the lion's utmost strength  
 Could not effect, she did at length :  
 With patient labour she applied  
 Her teeth, the net-work to divide ;  
 And so at last forth issued he,  
 A lion, by a mouse set free.

Few are so small, or weak, I guess,  
 But may assist us in distress ;  
 Nor shall we ever, if we're wise,  
 The meanest, or the least, despise.

## FABLE LII.

## THE JEALOUS ASS.

'HERE lived," says friend *Aesop*, "some ages ago,  
 ass who had feelings acute, you must know ;  
 is ass to be jealous felt strongly inclined,  
 d for reasons which follow, felt hurt in his mind."

It seems that his master, as I understand,  
 d a favourite dog which he fed from his hand ;  
 y, the dog was permitted to jump on his knee :  
 honour that vex'd our poor donkey to see.

"Now," thought he, "what's the reason—I cannot  
 see any,  
 at I have no favours, while he has so many ?  
 all this is got by just wagging his tail,  
 y I have got one, which I'll wag without fail."

"Indeed!" said men now, &---  
showing,

When he saw the ass come, while his tail  
But who can describe his dismay or his  
When the donkey rear'd up, and bray'd like

"You rascal, get down,—John, Edward  
Where are you? make haste, and come  
stick."

The man roar'd—his guests laugh'd—the  
the bell rung;  
Coals, poker, and tongs at the donkey v

Till the blows and the kicks, with con-  
sternation,

Convinced him that this was a bad spe-  
So, mortified deeply, his footsteps re-tr.  
Hurt much in his mind, but still more

So some silly children, as stupid as  
Will cry for indulgences fit for a baby  
"I have enter'd the room while the do-

## FABLE LIII.

## THE TOWN AND COUNTRY MICE.

A PLAIN, but honest country mouse,  
 Residing in a miller's house,  
 Once on a time, invited down  
 An old acquaintance of the town :  
 And soon he brought his dainties out ;  
 The best he had, there's not a doubt.  
 A dish of oat-meal, and grey peas,  
 With half a candle and some cheese ;  
 Some beans, and if I'm not mistaken,  
 A charming piece of Yorkshire bacon.  
 And then, to show he was expert  
 In such affairs, a fine dessert  
 Was next produc'd : all which he press'd  
 With rustic freedom on his guest.

But he, the city epicure,  
 This homely fare could not endure ;  
 Indeed, he scarcely broke his fast  
 By what he took, but said, at last,  
 " Old crony, now, I'll tell you what,  
 I don't admire this lonely spot ;  
 This dreadful, dismal, dirty hole,  
 Seems more adapted for a mole  
 Than 'tis for you ; Oh ! could you see  
*My* residence, how charm'd you'd be.  
 Instead of bringing up your brood  
 In wind, and wet, and solitude,  
 Come, bring them all at once to town,  
 We'll make a courtier of a clown.  
 I think that, for your children's sake,  
*'Tis proper my advice to take."*

Found where the city mouse had I  
Enter'd at midnight through a cra  
And rested from their tedious trac

“Now,” said the city mouse, “I  
What kind of fare I’ve brought yo  
On which he led the rustic mice  
Into a larder, snug and nice,  
Where ev’ry thing a mouse could :  
Did ev’ry shelf and nook embellish

“Now is this not to be preferr’d  
To your grey peas ?” “Upon my  
It is,” the country mouse replied ;  
“All this must needs the point de

Scarce had they spoke these wo  
A tribe of servants hasten’d throu  
And also two gigantic cats,  
Who spied our country mouse and  
Then, by a timely exit, she  
Just saved herself and family.

## FABLE LIV.

## THE CAT AND THE FOX.

A CAT and a fox held a long consultation  
 Concerning the times and the state of the nation ;  
 When the aspect of things led them both to infer  
 That a grand revolution must shortly occur.

Said the fox, “For *my country* it is that I fear,  
 For, as to *myself*, I can always get clear ;  
 I have not, at present, much reason to fret,  
 For I’ve got a thousand new schemes for them yet.”

“Indeed,” said the cat ; “as for me, I’ve but one,  
 And if that should fail, I’m for ever undone :  
 The only protection remaining for me,  
 When the enemy comes, I must find in a tree.”

“A very poor prospect,” said Reynard, “I trow.”  
 “But see !” said the cat, “they’re approaching us  
 now !”

Then each to his mode of escaping betook,  
 The fox to his schemes, and the cat to an oak,  
 Who found in the tree she could safely remain ;  
 While the fox with his thousand manœuvres was slain.

Hence it needs must appear, that when danger is near,  
 Cunning folks are not cunning enough ;  
 And that persons who boast of their cleverness most  
 Fare the worst when its put to the proof.

---

' You ugly brown creature, get out of :  
Said a wasp to a snail on a fine summe  
' But how can you move, poor contemp  
With that load, and with neither a leg

" O dear ! if I had such a burden as  
I cannot imagine what thing I could d  
I think, though, I e'en should go out o  
[f I to that clumsy great shell were co:

But the snail, so resign'd and conter  
Still pursued his dull course up the ste  
These remarks on his person could giv  
Seeing he of his blandishments never v

Though it took him all day a small di  
Yet his business was always transacted  
And, as for his shell, it will quickly b  
How glad of its shelter the wasp woul

For the wasp, somewhat vex'd tha

This moral, I think, may be safely applied,  
 And perhaps it occurr'd to the wasp ere he died :  
 Those who proudly insult their poor neighbours will  
     find  
 That a punishment follows them closely behind.

---

## FABLE LVI.

## THE FOX AND THE CROW.

Crows feed upon worms : yet an author affirms,  
 Cheshire cheese they will get if they're able ;  
 "For," said he, "I well know, one unprincipled crow  
     Once purloin'd a large piece from my table."

Then away darted she, to the shade of a tree,  
 To deposit the booty within her ;  
 But it never occurr'd to the mind of the bird  
     That a fox was to have it for dinner.

" How many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip ! "  
 (Excuse me, I pray, the digression,) Said a fox to himself, " I can share in the pelf,  
     If I act with my usual discretion."

So said he, " Is't you ? pray, ma'am, how do you do ?  
 I have long wish'd to pay you a visit ;  
 For a twelvemonth has pass'd since I heard of you last,  
     Which is not very neighbourly, is it ?

" But, dear madam," said he, " you are dining, I see,  
 On that subject I'd ask your advice :  
 Pray, ma'am, now can you tell, where provisions they  
     sell,  
 That are not an extravagant price ?

But the ill-behaved bird did not utter  
Still intent on retaining her plunder  
Thought the fox, "it should seem thi  
scheme,

What else can I think of, I wonder  
So said Reynard once more, "I ne'er l  
But your feathers are whiter than s  
But thought he, when he'd said it, "sh  
credit,

For what bird is so black as a crow  
" But I'm told that your voice is a ho  
Which they say of all sounds is the

But then this is absurd, for it never is

Since you are so excessively modest  
" If that's all," thought the crow, " I v  
know,

That all doubt on *that* score may b  
Then most laughably piped this poor  
When quickly her dinner descended

## FABLE LVII.

DR. WOLF.

A WOLF, grown too old for the chase, it should seem,  
To accomplish his ends tried the following scheme.  
He gave out that he was an able physician ;  
Had studied diseases as well as nutrition ;  
Could amputate either at shoulder or knee,  
And only demanded the limb as his fee ;  
But *that*, he remark'd, was but seldom required,  
As *bleeding* would have the effect he desired.  
So from five in the morning each day until ten,  
Was the time that he fix'd, to be seen at his den.  
Then many who thought themselves rather unwell,  
Repair'd to the Doctor, their symptoms to tell,  
And thus far is certain, that none of them all  
Had the smallest return of disorder at all.

Said a fox, "There's one thing that looks odd, to be sure,  
It is Doctor Wolf's practice to *kill* or to cure ;  
But I shall be glad to be told, I must own,  
Before I apply, *which* of those he has done."

"Thank you, friend," said a horse, "for your prudent remark,  
I'm afraid that till now we have been in the dark ;  
But I'll sift his intentions, and if they are ill,  
I will give him a tooth of his *own* for a pill."

So saying, the horse trotted off at full speed,  
To request the advice he pretended to need ;  
Who had scarcely arrived, when the bones in the place  
Soon convinced him the fox had judged right in this case.

Was directly despatch'd, without trial o  
To the infinite joy of the beasts, I assur

I do not profess to commend the old l  
For the steps that he took in this busine  
Yet this I may say, and be perfectly fai:  
From the fate of the wolf, let impostors

---

### FABLE LVIII.

#### THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

SOME wars are call'd civil, though all a  
That to fight one is very *uncivil* indee  
Nor can it as much better manners be  
To blow out one's brains—which is cer  
But to dwell on that topic is not my c  
Seeing that, I admit, is no business of  
"m ill suffice for my purpose, if I sho

First a mason stood up, and observed, 'twas well known  
 That no substance resisted the bullets like *stone* ;  
 But that plan was rejected forthwith, on the ground,  
 That no money or time for it then could be found.

A carpenter next for a few minutes spoke,  
 And *he* thought 'twould be best to defend it with *oak*.  
 "Not with *oak*," said a blacksmith, "with *iron*, you  
     mean,  
*I* could forge such a bulwark as never was seen ;  
 Do but give me the order ; I shall not be long ;  
 I'll away to my anvil and hammer ding dong."  
 "Hold your tongue, you're a madman," said one of  
     the mob ;  
 Said another, "He wants to get hold of a job."

Then a builder was sure *lath and plaster* would do ;  
 Said a surgeon, "O ! *I'll* spread the *plaster* for you ;  
 But then as to *laths*, I should question their use."  
 "O, sir," said the builder, "you talk like a goose !"  
 "Order ! order ! my friends," said the chairman, "I pray,  
 I must beg for the future you'll mind what you say."

Then a shoemaker said, though their projects were  
     many,  
 That *he* had got one that was better than any :  
 "Hang your walls with new boots from the top to  
     the bottom ;  
 Not a bullet can pierce them,—the wet will not  
     rot 'em ;"  
 This a tanner approv'd, but he added besides,  
 That *he* thought 'twould be far better done with  
     *whole hides*.

Next therestood up a man who all thought was a fool :  
 For *he* said they had best clothe their buildings with  
     *wool*.

n odd voice was perceived; and soon an  
le's an *author*, said some, you may know  
Ah!" said he, "you are right; *make books!*"

Then said one of the crowd, who appa-  
them,

' You cannot do better, *for none can get th:*  
Then the author withdrew from the insu-  
Meekly shut to his window, and took up

Thus scheme after scheme was propos'd  
For defending their houses, and buildin  
And this it appears was at last the end  
While each was consulting his personal  
And disputing, and proving his neighb.  
The enemy carried the place by assault  
So that ruin complete, and destruction  
And not any escaped, but the *author* to

We may learn, if we please, from a i

## ORIGINAL FABLES.

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### FABLE I.

#### THE OLD WOMAN AND THE DEATH-WATCH.

THERE was an old woman, I cannot tell who ;  
But if you're a *young* one, it could not be you ;  
Who sitting quite still, and not speaking a word,  
Was greatly disturb'd by a ticking she heard.

“Oh ! alack ! a *death-watch*,” said the dame, “I declare,  
I wish you’d have done,” said she, jogging her chair ;  
“I had rather hear five hundred pigs in a breath,  
Than that frightful ticking, that augurs my death.”

Said the insect, “Old Dame, that must be a mistake :  
You know not at all why this ticking I make ;  
If I choose to keep knocking my head as I do,  
I am certain of this, that it’s nothing to you.”

“ But there *is* a sound which you constantly hear,  
That old folks and young have more reason to fear,  
That *clock* as it ticks, nibbles minutes away,  
*The stuff life is made of*, as I have heard say.

more than all this, that ~~make~~  
makes old people older, until they are *dead!*"

## FABLE II.

### THE DONKEYS' DIALOGUE.

'WAS in a shady, cool, retreat,  
Two friendly donkeys chanced to meet,  
Who, resting from a tedious walk,  
Laid down, and soon began to talk.

"Well met," said one,—“good morning,  
“Aha! good morning,” said the other;  
—“A cloudy day—shall we have thunder?  
“Sir,” said his friend, “I should not wond-

ORIGINAL FABLES.

For I've a cold, but I suppose  
Mine must have settled in my nose ;  
For I've entirely lost my smell,  
Although I *bray* exceeding well."

" Ah ! " said his friend, " beyond dispute,  
A donkey's nerves are more acute  
Than those of men, who ne'er foresee  
A thunder-storm so soon as we ;  
And don't you think, although we're asses,  
Our *sense* and *reason* their's surpasses ? "

" Why don't you know," his friend replied,  
" Our reason is by them denied ;  
When told of brute's sagacity,  
They have the strange audacity  
To say 'tis *instinct*, and maintain  
We've nothing else to guide our brain !  
Yet brutes do nothing half so silly  
As I've seen done by *Master Billy* ;  
I've known him go and tie the grass,  
Across the way where people pass ;  
Or push his playmates in the dirt,  
Not caring much if they were hurt.  
This the sole object of his labours,  
To please himself and plague his neighbours.  
'Twas not ten days ago I think,  
As I was stooping down to drink,  
His *sense* and *reason* to discover,  
He needs must turn the water over ;  
Now was this wise or was it not ?  
Pray was it reason, sense, or what ?  
*If it was reason*, there's no doubt  
*Tis better far to be without :*

---

### FABLE III.

#### THE PRIDE OF THE COBBLER'S DOG

DOG of a cobbler (forgive me, I pray !  
which *belong'd* to a cobbler, I rather shan't  
this dog like a great many others beside  
those stations are humble, was troubled

Thought he, "I can see no good reason  
why *I* should turn out to give others the  
next time I meet them, whoever they are,  
I make *them* remove to give passage to

So saying, he trotted full speed up the road  
and soon met a horse and a cart with a man in it.  
It happen'd the way was so narrow  
there was room for the cart, but not an inch  
But the mastiff so great was the pride,

## FABLE IV.

## PETER THE GREAT.

A CERTAIN man, as some do say,  
Who liv'd in peace and quiet,  
Did line his inside every day  
With most nutritious diet.

“For sure,” thought he, as skilfully  
The mutton he did carve,  
“Twould be exceeding wrong in me  
My body for to starve.”

His body, measured round about,  
When his great coat was on,  
Was four good yards, there's not a doubt;  
His weight was forty stone.

Peter the Great, I do aver,  
He was without pretence,  
Judging from his diameter,  
And his circumference.

No wonder then this Briton bold  
To stir him should be loth;  
His arms reluctant he would fold;  
His legs unwilling both.

And yet his loving wife would say,  
“Peter, thou art to blame;  
Thou didst not stir out yesterday,  
To-day 'tis all the same.”

“Ah! Judith, dear, I doubt,” said he,  
“My stirring days are past:  
For don't ye know, and don't ye see,  
My shadow lengthens fast.”

Thus pleasantly, so —  
She answer'd him alway ;  
Till he at last, with sorrow sad,  
Unto his wife did say :  
“ Judith, I am not well at all,  
Within I'm sore distrest ;  
I fear I'm ill with what they call  
A load upon the chest.  
“ I know not when I've felt so bad ;  
I think, say what you will,  
That goose that yesterday I had  
Is in my stomach still !  
“ Haste for the doctor, ere he's out,  
For he may be of use :  
Tell him my feet have got the gout,  
My stomach's got the goose.”  
The dame approved her husband's t  
As heretofore she did ;  
For long ago she had been taught  
To do as she was bid.  
said she “ I go ; but it may be,

The dame then sped her on her way,  
 And jogg'd for many a mile ;  
 And Peter he at home did stay,  
 To mind the pot the while.

But in his chair of ample size  
 While seated, I suppose,  
 This trusty watch did shut his eyes,  
 And straight began to doze.

At last the water, heated hot,  
 Lifted the cauldron's cover ;  
 And then (as cooks affirm) *the pot*  
 Did boil with fury over.

Water and fire, with angry strife,  
 A hissing dire did make ,  
 Which Peter hearing, dream'd his wife  
 Was broiling him a steak.

But as the hissing still kept on,  
 He dream'd she'll surely spoil it ;  
 Then gruffly growl'd, " The meat is done,  
 How long d'ye mean to broil it ? "

Then in his dream his sleepy poll  
 With anger great did nod he ;  
 When lo ! the tumult of his soul  
 Awoke his peaceful body.

Then loudly to his wife he call'd,  
 " Come hither, dame, I pray ! "  
 But vainly to the dame he bawl'd,  
 For she was far away.

At last he reach'd his walking-stick,  
 To shove the boiling-pot ;  
 When o'er his legs it tumbled quick \  
 And water scalding hot !

But, roaring out amain,  
Briskly he turn'd his legs about,  
And stood upright again.

With scalded feet and broken head,  
He danced along the floor;  
He had not done the like, 'tis said,  
For twenty years or more.

Then round the room the woful wif  
Did cast a mournful eye;  
Thought he, "I'm in a dismal plig  
That none can well deny."

There prostrate lay the broken chai  
The boiler on the ground:  
The cat, she thought her fate severe  
To be both scal'd and drown'd.

But now his wife's return from tow*w*  
Full sore began to dread he;  
Thought he, "she'd surely crack my

Then with the doctor close behind,  
 Enter'd the wife of Peter ;  
 But how was she surprised to find  
 Her husband came to meet her.

Said she, " How's this, that thou *alone*  
 Canst walk along the path ? "  
 Said he, " I've been, since thou wast gone,  
 In a *hot water bath*."

Now Peter he began to quake,  
 As Judith enter'd in ;  
 Who, when she saw the mess, did make  
 A most surprising din.

" Woman, I've broke my head," said he,  
 And *scalt* my legs to boot ;  
 So sure there is no need for thee  
 To add affliction to't."

" But," said the doctor, " tell me, sir,  
 How 'tis you walk about ;  
 Your wife affirm'd you could not stir,  
 By reason of the gout."

Then Peter he related quite  
 What we have told before ;  
 Then did the doctor laugh outright,  
 With loud and lengthen'd roar.

" But, sir," said he, " now I suppose,  
 That all this time you've fasted ;  
 Pray tell me if your stomach's woes  
 The same till now have lasted."

" Why, sir," said Peter, " I must own  
 That, since from food I've rested,  
 The load is from my stomach gone,  
 And seems to be digested."

Were you ~~but~~ ~~so~~—  
I charge you twice a week at least  
To go without your dinner."

Thus, I, at last, have sung my song  
With no small care and trouble;  
So, as the fable has been long,  
The moral shall be double.

And first, when, through excess of  
You find your stomach ill,  
Then abstinence will do more good  
Than bolus, draught, or pill.

Again, when pain in limbs comes ~~c~~  
So you can scarce endure it;  
Then jump about—'tis ten to one  
But exercise will cure it.

---

## FABLE V.

" Alas ! " thought the youth, " is this forest my grave,  
 How far do these mazes extend ?  
 Should the bleak, howling tempest continue to rave,  
 Unless I discover some cottage or cave,  
 Unable much longer its fury to brave,  
 My life with this journey must end."

Just then a fierce gust blew the branches aside,  
 Which reveal'd a glad sight to our youth ;  
 For a far distant light he that moment espied ;  
 " O ! shine, gentle flame, through these dangers to  
 guide,  
 Nor let thy faint beam to my path be denied,  
 For I need thine assistance in truth."

So, cheer'd by the light, he redoubled his pace,  
 While the flame glided slowly along ;  
 But alas for young Edwin !—deceived by its rays,  
 He follow'd the phantom, till lost in a maze,  
 And far having wander'd in untrodden ways,  
 He plung'd deep morasses among.

Then dismounting his steed with despair in his breast,  
 He resolved not to struggle again ;  
 When a faint beam of moon-light which beam'd from  
 the west,  
 Display'd to our hero, fatigu'd and distrest,  
 The path of which he had so long been in quest,  
 But had sought mid the forest in vain.

But scarce had he ventured three steps on the road,  
 When his blood was half frozen with fear ;  
 For before him a tall slender figure there stood,  
 Which, holding its arms out as wide as it could,  
 Made young Edwin believe, from the form that it  
 show'd,  
*That the ghost of some person was near.*

That they know not their *friends* from

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## FABLE VI.

### THE ASS AND THE FOX.

As an honest old donkey was browsing  
On the stalk of a thistle that grew by t  
A fox, just return'd from a dinner on g  
Fat, saucy, and full, let his insolence lo

“ So,” said he, “ sorry beast! is *that* a  
For your poor toothless jaws at this se  
Are all the *birch-brooms* eaten out of t  
Is an old *bushel-basket* no longer at ha

“ Yet a thistle, I grant ye, your nat  
I dare say you find that it sharpens y  
But stay—sharpen your wits? that car  
For all the world knows that a donke

“ *To the ass quite contented, it seen*

## FABLE VII.

## THE PEACH AND THE POTATOE.

O! what will you say to a peach and potatoe,  
 Discoursing on beauty of person?  
 Yet their talk I'm afraid is not worse than some ladies',  
 Though not quite so soon made a verse on.

Said the peach, "your complexion will not bear inspection,  
 Your aspect is vulgar and homely ;  
 But my skin is much fairer, my qualities rarer,  
 My person engaging and comely."

Said the root, "They judge rightly, who think me unsightly,  
 For I own that I'm not an *Adonis*;  
 Yet it is not my duty to envy a beauty,  
 Whose *heart* quite as hard as a stone is."

## FABLE VIII.

## THE SHOW OF WILD BEASTS.

Two apes exhibited for show,  
 Some time by *Mr. Polito*,  
 Thinking their master did not need 'em,  
 Determined to obtain their freedom ;  
 So waiting till the coast was clear,  
 One day, when nobody was near,  
 They issued forth, and hand in hand,  
 Walk'd for an airing down the Strand ;

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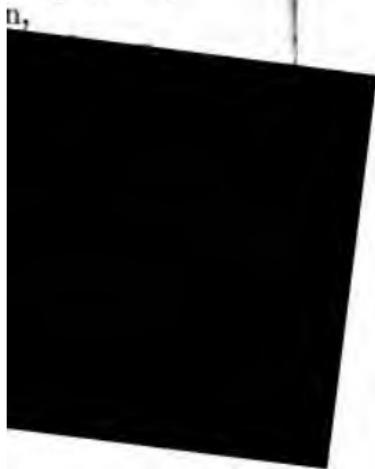
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But, oh ! such dinners he devours ;—  
 His mouth holds twice as much as ours ;  
 At once he in his stomach puts  
 The worth of half a sack of nuts ;  
 But, what is singular indeed,  
 He never knows *how long* to feed ;  
 But when no longer hungry will,  
 While food remains, keep eating still :  
 He'll prove the truth of what I've said,  
 If you'll but stay, and see him fed.

“Here,” said the showman, “you behold  
 An odd young monkey, nine years old ;  
 At least, as near as I can guess  
 From size and strength, he can’t be less,  
 Although were you his ways to see,  
 You’d say he was not turn’d of three ;  
 I think, his name they told me once,  
 ‘Tis, if I don’t mistake, *a dunce*.  
 Now, from this creature it appears  
 Boys’ wits increase not with their years ;  
 A striking difference, indeed,  
 ’Twixt them and us ; but let’s proceed.

“The English sloth you there may see ;  
 As usual, sound asleep is he ;  
 You’ll scarce believe me when I say  
 He sleeps all night, and half the day !  
 ‘Tis ten or twelve before he’ll rise,  
 And hardly then can ope’ his eyes ;  
 I fear that now we shall not wake him,  
 Unless one goes inside to shake him ;  
 But while asleep you best behold  
*All that about him can be told.*

*To say ----*  
A form of speech he uses then  
*Peculiar to the race of men;*  
I can't explain it, no, not I,  
But think 'tis what *they* call a lie.

" This is an English ape, full gi  
The first for your amusement shov  
I fear you will not understand me  
When I pronounce his name, *a do*  
Vast numbers of this race of apes  
I've seen in town of various shape  
Their brains are few, as you may  
For, all their thoughts they spend  
O ! stop, not *all*, how fast I'm tal  
For, tired of riding, tired of walk  
And wishing much for something  
They thought they would combi  
And tried to speed them on the i  
While they that odd machine be  
" " *the things we've brough*

Though nature gave him some, no doubt ;  
But now you see they all are out.  
His eyes once grey, as I suppose,  
You now perceive are black as sloes ;  
His nose, once straight, you see is broken,  
His features cruelty betoken :  
He is, I think, to say the least,  
A frightful and disgusting beast.

“ Thus, neighbours, we have shown you all  
The beasts we’ve taken, great and small ;  
Full twenty more were on their way,  
Whom we could not compel to stay :  
Indeed, we got such blows and kicks,  
The wonder is we muster’d six.  
They’re few indeed, we freely own,  
Out of the hundreds we have known ;  
But yet enough, we feel persuaded,  
To show that men are *apes* degraded.”

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### FABLE IX.

#### THE SHOWER OF PUDDINGS.

SAID a youth to the clouds, as he turn’d up his eyes,  
“ How I wish soup and pudding were rain’d from the  
skies !  
O ! how charming ’twould be ready cook’d if ’twould  
fall,  
That so one might dine with no trouble at all.”

And so it fell out, says the fable, at last  
That the sky with some odd looking clouds w<sup>e</sup>  
o’ercast,

he pigs were astonished , . . .  
like our youth, while they wonder'd, t  
    might eat.

“ However,” thought he, “ I will bene  
So he took up a piece of plum-pudding  
But, alas, he could not even swallow a b  
For he found it was covered with gravel

Who’d have thought it, when puddi  
    from the skies,  
That it yet would be needful some plan  
And *some* trouble to take to accomplish  
For now, ere he dined, *he must hold up*

But this dish was not fill’d quite :  
    thought,  
So that both his arms ached ere enough !  
But something soon happen’d, more di  
At which you’ll have too much good n

For a large piece of pudding, of mor  
    **w' rock'd** the dish from the hands of o

## FABLE X.

## THE DOG AND THE PITCHER.

*(A true Story.)*

A HUNGRY dog, (as 'tis supposed,)  
Whose form was spare and thin,  
Perceived a dairy door unclosed,  
And straightway enter'd in.

Then round-about he turn'd his eyes  
On butter, milk, and cheese,  
Said he, "I fear 'twill not be wise  
To take too much of these."

"The milk, in pans so broad and wide,  
If lapp'd, will clearly show it ;  
But this deep pitcher may be tried,  
And they can scarcely know it."

With this he thrust his nose within,  
And, though the neck was small,  
By pushing hard, the prize to win,  
He got in ears and all.

"O ! now there's room enough," thought he,  
"For here the size is double ;  
And here is milk enough, I see,  
To pay me for my trouble."

The dog he lapp'd till all was gone,  
Then raised his head to go ;  
But found the jug hung firmly on,  
To his dismay and woe.

He that oft briskly wagg'd his tail  
Now briskly wagg'd his head.

But soon the dairy-maid drew near  
Who, with loud exclamations,  
Laid a good broomstick on, 'tis clear  
To aid his operations.

At last, he broke the bottom out  
Of this disastrous jug ;  
But still the dog was not without  
The remnant of the mug.

With this, the trophy of the day,  
In haste forth trotted he ;  
And, if 'twas ever knock'd away,  
They have not told it me.

So thieves, though cunning they  
Oft find themselves detected  
(As was the dog, we plainly see)  
In ways they least expected.

"Alas! what a sudden reverse!" thought the pin,  
 "But a moment before what request I was in;  
 O! how many attentions I used to engage,  
 But unnoticed I here may remain for an age."

"Unnoticed!" said one, who heard the remark;  
 "Why, I've been fix'd here ninety years in the dark,  
 Unseen and forgotten, and yet, I can say,  
 That I never once wish'd they would shorten my stay."

"And, pray," said the pin, "who are *you* by my side?"  
 "A tenpenny nail, Sir," the other replied;  
 "O, indeed!" said the pin, "well, for persons like *you*,  
 I think, such a residence really may do."

"Very true," said the nail, "and I ne'er was ambitious  
 Of spheres more extended, or views more propitious;  
 I'm content this old board still to hold to the rafter,  
 For ninety years more, and a century after."

"Dear! what a contemptible taste," said the pin;  
 "Oh! if in my place for one day you had been,  
 This deplorable dungeon, I'm certain, would be  
 As disgusting and horrid to you, as to me.  
 For while in this dusty old crack you have tarried,  
 To Paris, and Brighton, and Bath, I've been carried.  
 There used in assemblies of fashion to mix  
 With muslins, instead of oak-boards to transfix."

"But, my friend," said the nail, "it appears beyond  
 doubt  
 That your owner *can* manage your presence without;  
 But if I should my trust for one moment betray,  
 Then the board, that she stands on, must quickly give  
 way,  
*And if so, I would ask those who foolishly rail,*  
*Which does the most service, the pin or the nail?*"

Fine apricots or ~~goose~~  
Watch'd daily by the owner's care,  
And well he knew the number there  
The wall with broken glass he strew  
If thieves should come, to let their |  
But thieves there were, who still woi  
In spite of spikes and broken glass ;  
For wasps and flies, a num'rous thr  
Consumed the produce all day long.  
In vain by hand he sought to kill  
These thieves, too many for him sti  
Till vex'd and angry at the pelf,  
And wishing for the fruit himself,  
A plan, at last, he did invent,  
For bringing them to punishment.  
" I'll give you all your fill," said h  
Then took of half-pint bottles thr  
And pour'd in each, with friendly  
Some sugar'd beer, to suit their ta  
Scarce were the sweeten'd lures su

— — — — — after





